

NYPIRG Issues Guide

by Charlie Pearsall

On Wednesday, March 1, 1978, the New York Public Interest Research Group, Inc. (NYPIRG) issued its guide on the new state Freedom of Information, or Open Records Law, a booklet designed to help citizens gain access to state and local government files. The reason for publishing the guide, explained its author, staff attorney Nancy Kramer, "is that the new law, which constitutes an important step forward in the long process of opening up government to public scrutiny, is virtually unknown to most of the

people who will want to use it. We hope that by explaining how to use the FOI law we will encourage its wider use." This law replaces an earlier, much-criticized statute which allowed only limited access to records. The old law allowed only a few categories of records to be viewed by a citizen, and then only after a huge hassle. The new law guarantees access to all public records, with the exception of those kept by the State Legislature, unless they fall into a few protected categories-14. The booklet, called **Your Right to Know**, revised,

covers:
+The Need For The Law
+What Government Agencies Are Covered
+What Records Are Included
+New York State Legislature-Its Special Treatment
+What Happens After A Request Is Made
+What To Do If A Request Is Denied

Single copies of the booklet are available from NYPIRG Publications, 5 Beekman Street, New York, New York 10038 for a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 35c. Bulk rates are available on request.



Photo by Lois Lane

Welcome Spring!

LIBRARY, CECIL C. TYRRELL
LEARNING RESOURCES CENTER
Broome Community College
Binghamton, New York 13902



FULCRUM

★ ★ ★
a student publication

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April 5, 1978

New Positions Filled at BCC

by Bill Sherwood

Yet another position has opened at BCC. There is now, on campus, a Student Affairs Evening Assistant. Lynn Balunas, a former BCC part-timer, has been chosen to fill the spot. The position has been started to attempt to provide evening students the same opportunities as day students in regards to counseling and other activities. Ms. Balunas is a counselor and she can help you with:

- 1) Your program—what courses to take
- 2) What career to get into
- 3) How to transfer

- 4) Problems with courses
 - 5) How to work out going to school with your family
 - 6) How to meet people
 - 7) How to feel good about yourself
 - 8) Where to get a babysitter
 - 9) How to get a job
 - 10) How to go to school and be a spouse and/or parent
- Her position formally opened on March 6 and she is very interested with meeting with the evening students and instructors. For a little background, she lives in Greene with her husband and two children. She worked as a counselor at the Community College of Denver for six years before

moving back to Binghamton two years ago. Lynn is very anxious to meet people and get into the BCC swing of things. Usually she could be found Wednesday or Thursday evenings from 5:30-8 in the "Over 21 Lounge" in the Wales Building. Her office is in the Financial Aid Office (W-101) and her phone number is 772-5028. If you don't find her there check with the switchboard (772-5000) or Continuing Education (772-5012). Her hours are 3 p.m.-8 p.m. and/or 4 p.m.-9 p.m. Monday through Thursday, but her hours will vary.



Photo by Quasimodo

Views of Spring

Romano Announces Lectures

by Wayne Scank

Professor Richard Romano, Chairman of BCC's Social Science Department, arranged four lectures which comprise the Social Science Forum for the Spring Term. One lecture was given several weeks ago, and two are scheduled for April and one for May. Professor Hirschel Kasper of the School of Industrial and Labor Relations of Cornell presented "Can We Ever Achieve Full Employment?" two weeks ago. Professor Kasper answers his topic yes and no, and

notes what is wrong with our present economic outlook. He states the unemployment problem can be looked at in two ways. First, there is the financial loss to the family, which must be supported by benefits or welfare, and second, the economic growth lost through unemployment. He notes we concentrate too much on the perspective of benefits and welfare. The country is not creating enough jobs, according to Kasper. He believes full employment could be reached at some time if the country concentrates on jobs, expanding the

economy, and eliminating temporary employment in the private sector. Professor David Martin, Chairman of SUNY-Geneseo's Economics and Management Department will lecture April 17 at noon on "The Inevitable Case for an Incomes Policy." Later in April the third presentation will be given, but the speaker and topic have not been determined. May 2 at 11 a.m., Professor Melvin Leiman of SUNY-Binghamton will discuss "The Present Crisis of Capitalism."

TAP Deadlines Set

Deadlines in connection with the Tuition Assistance Program (TAP) and Regents Scholarship payments for 1977-78 have been announced by Eileen D. Dickinson, president of Higher Education Services Corp. A notice of the deadlines was mailed this week to the chief executive officers, financial aid officers and bursars of more than 300 postsecondary institutions in New York State that have TAP-eligible programs. The corporation will adhere strictly to the previously announced deadline of March 31, 1978 for the acceptance of 1977-78 applications. In addition, these new deadlines were

announced:
+ June 30, 1978 for applications, for scholarship money only, from students who have been reawarded Regents Scholarships as alternates.
+ May 15, 1978 (or if later, thirty days after our last letter to the student), for responses from students to whom the corporation has sent inquiries relating to 1977-78 applications.
+ August 1, 1978 for applications for post-award adjustments.

The corporation has also set a deadline designed to close out TAP work for the 1976-77 academic year. April 15, 1978, will be the last date for inquiries—which must be

in writing—relating to problems with applications for that year. Approximately 2,000 cases from 1976-77 remain unresolved and the backlog is being steadily reduced through manual processing. Mrs. Dickinson said the deadlines are designed to wind down 1977-78 activities in an orderly fashion. This will make it easier for the corporation, to put in operation the redesigned TAP processing system for 1978-79, Mrs. Dickinson said. The corporation expects to speed up TAP processing this summer and fall by at least four weeks in comparison with the 1977 processing performance.

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"Some of us live in big white houses, Some of us live in small, Some of our names are written on blackboards, Some are written on walls; Some of our daddy's work in fact'ry's, Some of them stand in line; Some of our daddy's buy us marbles, Some of them just buy wine; But at night you can't tell Sunday suits from tattered overalls, But then, we're only children, children one and all."

("Children One and All" - written by Rod McKuen, recorded by Mary Travis, "Mary" Warner Bros. Records)

Children, poor or rich, screaming or contented,

brilliant or dull, were once the total responsibility, the entire existence for their mothers. The woman who bravely forsook her progeny for a career in the man's world was abdicating her prescribed role in life, and of course, losing her femininity.

These older ideas are slowly changing-urged on by the many women who need more than the challenge of diaper rash, and by the pressing need for more and more money at home just for survival.

Where do the children - yours and mind, now and future - fit in the world of equal rights for women? Who takes care of the little lovable monsters? What kind of care do they receive? Many children, too many,

are dropped off early in the morning to people who plunk the little ones down in front of the television all day, feed them sugar-rich food and scream at them for making too much noise.

An organization called the National Association for the Education of the Young Child (NAEYC) cares very much for the proper treatment of children, and is busy attempting to get standards approved for teachers, class sizes, food, and curriculum.

The NAEYC is an alliance of parents, nursery & day care teachers, family care mothers, college professors, students and other concerned people who share experiences and information about all aspects and opportunities surrounding the day care phenomenon in this country.

This week - April 2nd-9th, is the "Week of the Young Child"; sponsored by the NAEYC. The Binghamton chapter, the BAEYC began the celebration by doing an exhibition at the Oakdale Mall last Sunday, April 2. (Ms. Anabelle Shank who graduated from the BCC Child Program in 1977 is the

President of BAEYC)

Ms. Sonja Brown, and BCC Child Care Curriculum Development students did a special "Learning Activities with Young Children" display. They also enjoyed particular learning activities with several youngsters who were visiting the Mall.

These students with Ms. Brown will repeat this learning presentation August 6, 1978, at 7:30 at a workshop to be held at Inner City Nursery, First Presbyterian Church, Chenango Street, Binghamton.

Ms. Marilyn Schafer, a member of BAEYC, and also the Child Care Coordinator at BCC, directed a child care career booth at the Mall. Practicum students in the Child Care Program assisted Ms. Schafer. This booth contained pictures of teachers in action plus handouts on such topics as parenthood, babysitting, day nursery, child care and child psychology.

(The exhibit is now on display in the lobby at the Learning Resources Center) The "Week of the Young

Child" will also be celebrated by open houses and art displays at many of the twenty-one nursery and day care centers where BCC child care students are doing their practicum.

If you would like to read more about child care - careers and otherwise, the LRC has several magazines available for you in the Reference Room:

American Baby
Child Development

Children Today
Child Welfare
Early Years
Exceptional Children
Family Health

Parents
Young Children (published by NAEYC)

Books concerning child care can be located in the card catalog under the major topics as CHILD DEVELOPMENT, CHILD STUDY, and CHILDREN-GROWTH.

Some thought-provoking books are:

Are Parents Bad for Children? by Graham Burt Blain. HZ536 .B53

Guiding Young Children by Verna Hildebrand. LB 1140.2

.H52

How to Raise a Brighter Child: the Case for Early Learning by Joan Beck. HQ769 .B346

The Little Victims: How America Treats Its Children. by Jan Howard. HV 741 .J3
Training Children in Self-Discipline and Self Control or How to be Good Parents and Teachers without at all times pleasing, indulging, or giving love by Daniel Wiener and E. Lakin Phillips - HQ769 .W695

Finally, for more child care info, check the pamphlet file under CHILD DEVELOPMENT and DAY NURSERY.

See you at the LRC.

Cancer Kills

Cancer is one of the great killers of mankind. In the U.S., cancer causes about 365,000 deaths a year - more than any other single ailment except heart disease. The breast is the leading site for cancer in women (89,000 cases each year). When breast cancer is diagnosed early and treated promptly, the rate of cure can be as high as 85 per cent. Early detection is important and every woman can learn the proper techniques for examining her breasts.

A "How To" Workshop on Breast Self-Examination (BSE) will be held on April 17 from 9-5 in the Faculty Lounge of the Business Building. It will be sponsored by the Health Service in conjunction with the American Cancer Society. A film will be shown every hour on the half hour. There will also be an informal question and answer session.

Choir To Take An Annual Trip

By Gwen McGarry

On April 28-29, the B.C.C. College Choir will be taking their annual trip. This year's excursion will end up in New York City, by way of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania to serenade the patients and staff of the Veteran's Hospital there. The trip is going to encompass seeing musicals (some off and some on Broadway) tourist attractions (such as the World

Trade Center, the Museum of Natural History, and the Bronx Zoo), and undoubtedly, a few of the bars (justifiably, in some cases, like that of Ryan's, which hosts some of the best jazz musicians in the east).

In order to help curb the costs for this trip, the choir members have been diligently working fund raising projects. You may remember Herman the snowman (who, incidentally,

was won by Dave Beech), a bake sale, a Sarah Coventry party, and a taco sale. By the way, the choir members thank everyone for their patronage, and are willing to accept any donations (hint, hint).

In between shows and dinners, and staggering in and out of bars (Staggering because they're trying to dodge garbage heaps, of course), the choir will, en masse, be on the Staten

Island Ferry at 1:00 a.m. Saturday, rousing the drunks by singing at the top of their lungs... a practice which, I am told, has become a rather noisy tradition.

For the next year, the question of where the choir will go has already been settled. Our Choir has been invited to sing in the Washington Cathedral, Washington D.C., an invitation that can only be

construed as an honor. To round out their tone quality, for this event, the choir needs more people - in all sections, soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. So, if you enjoy singing (even alone - you can retain your anonymity in a crowd. And, no one picks on you for being flat... well hardly, ever.) The choir practices from 4-6 p.m. on Mondays and Wednesdays in Titchener 102.

Virgins Against Sunstroke

by Gwen McGarry

The recent change in the weather from the dreaded sunshine to our usual Binghamton gray, has resulted in the mole people who reside in this area showing their noses again. They have, however, been doing a great deal of complaining about the very same precipitation clouds that have reunited families that were formerly blinded by the sun, given their plants a break from making all that nasty chlorophyll, and saved them from skin cancer. What have they been complaining about, you may ask? Granted, things do go more smoothly with the clouds, but some people are never satisfied.

"It's snowing... for a change."

"The sun! My God! What have we done to serve this?"

Some people have gone so far as to suggest we throw three virgins into a mud puddle to appease the gods... maybe then they would consider making the ground hard again.

Well, it worked! All you white flake fans have triumphed! You can remove your hats and throw open your curtains without the danger of sunstroke! No more complaints - and heads are held high... and you didn't even have to resort to the virgins.



Photo by: Scott Miller

The hand is quicker than the eye.

Faculty and students of Broome Community College wish to express their deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dauley, parents of Donna Dauley who passed away Friday, March 17.

Donna was a Medical Assistant Department student of the class of 1979. Donna lived in Endwell, and had two sisters and one brother.

BAKE SALE

APRIL 7, 1978

(All Day in Cafeteria)

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APRIL 14, 1978

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Do you want to talk?

Make it a point to attend the ADVISOR-ADVISEE MEETING

THURSDAY, APRIL 6th - 11:00 A.M.

SEE BULLETIN BOARD IN TITCHENER

Writers Go At It

The First Annual Writing Contest, sponsored by the BCC English Department (announced in the February 15 issue of the Fulcrum), has finally come to a climax. The contest, judged by Paul Middleton, Lawrence Schorr, and Denton Covert, has been resolved with the \$50 prizes going to Delores DiFulvio winning the short story portion, with her entry "A Dignified Life" and Deb Hibbard who took first prize in poetry with her entry "the shadow, the lamp post, and me" (there was no winner in the essay contest as there were only 8 selections entered).

The English Department was, on the whole, pleased with the turnout (except for the poor showing in essays), as well as the quality of the work the students put out.

Mr. Quagliatta, the chairman of the BCC English Department, states, "This contest served two purposes. First, it gave the talented writers of the college community an opportunity to exhibit their work."

"Secondly, it provided a basis for further contests of this type. This will allow the

best of the students' stories to be published on a regular basis."

This contest, and its turnout (116 entries in poetry, 86 in short story, and 8 in essay), prove that BCC students are not as apathetic as they appear to be. If enough students express an interest in literary concerns, the English Department will consider sponsoring its literary journal once more. Contact your English teacher if you are interested.

"A Dignified Life"
by Dolores DiFulvio

Charlie had been living at Riverview Convalescent Home seven months, when it happened. Riverview had become his home after one of his frequent dizzy spells resulting in a fall and a severely fractured hip. Of course, he would have preferred to go back to his little apartment, where he had been living alone since his wife, Millie, died six years before; but, the doctors refused. The headaches and dizzy spells were far too

frequent for him to be left alone.

Anne, his daughter and only living child, had begged him to stay with her. But Charlie would not hear of it. She had a husband and seven children to care for, so there was no way he'd burden himself on her. Of course, he didn't tell Anne this. Instead he repeated pretty much what he had said after Millie's death. "Annie, I don't think I'd be quite happy there. Seven children running about. Why it'd be so loud and unruly at times. And I need quiet, I'm used to quiet, you know."

And Anne would smile, knowing quite well that her father was not speaking the truth. But she understood. They had always been very close, for as each family member died, they had shared their grief, their thoughts and their silences.

So Charlie had convinced his daughter, although not himself, that he could be quite happy at Riverview.

The first month, he hated it. He had been put on the third floor, where his hip could get the necessary care. The room was similar to a hospital's, and Charlie was told he would be there about one month. He shared this room with three other patients. The man diagonally across from him looked like something out of a horror film. The right side of his hairless skull was sunken in. His eyes seemed to bulge from their deep set sockets and his mouth hung open with saliva drooling down his chin. Sometimes, it drooled down the left corner of his mouth, and other times from the right. There was no pattern, though Charlie spent an hour one day determining this. The man never made a sound, although the nurses chattered on and on to him.

Directly across was the moaner. Charlie never got a good look at him for they never sat him up like they did the drooler. But he moaned day and night.

And next to him was a young boy. Apparently, he had been at the home for five years following a car accident, which left him in a coma. His condition had deteriorated in the past months, and on Charlie's tenth morning there he

awakened to find a clean and empty bed beside him.

The nurses frequently apologized to Charlie for this depressing situation, but, they explained, there were no other rooms on that floor; that could be considered any more desirable. So, when the time came for Charlie to move to his own private room, on the first floor, he was most anxious.

The new room pleased him. It was carpeted a deep blue, and the walls gleamed with the color of the sky on a vivid shining day. He had a nice bed, with a green and blue plaid bedspread, a chest of drawers, a small desk, and a big comfortable chair. It also pleased him to note, he had his own bathroom.

So, within a few weeks, he began to feel at home. He had no problems making friends and enjoyed the planned activities and games. He was very outgoing and consequently, was asked by the administrators if he would take new residents on a tour of the home. He gladly accepted and became quite good at this.

His favorite opening was to ask the new party if they'd
(Continued on Page 4)



by Jeff Randall

In downtown Binghamton, just a block or two from the post office built during the administration of his successor, is a memorial to the late John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Located between centennial Plaza on Henry Street, the modern 100 Chenango Place, and the decadence of the Viaduct Strip, Binghamton's ode to a President slain in the prime of his life and career is a suiting tribute. Among plaques with modern artistic forms are engraved plaques with some of John Kennedy's inspirational words. As a visitor to the Kennedy Memorial, I was moved by the memories of a man who could have been one of the greatest world leaders of the 20th Century.

Binghamton may seem an

odd place to have a memorial to John Kennedy. And true, it is. Kennedy was a Massachusetts man, and as a child, I had the pleasure to visit the Kennedy Memorial in the late President's home town, Hyannis, Mass., consisting of a large expanse of well groomed lawn with a fountain in the center and a brick wall at one end of the lawn with an engraved picture of JFK on it.

Comparing the two monuments, my faith in the leaders of this community was boosted. For a town like Binghamton, a town that John Kennedy may never have seen, to construct a beautiful memorial to one of the country's leaders says a lot about the town. Despite its inequities, beneath the surface, the town's leaders have hearts.

And that, in itself, says a lot.

Quiet Corner

by Bill Lowe

Mature people are made not out of good times, but out of bad times.

Hyman Judah Schachtel

When faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead!
Whittier, Ichabod

The greatest use of life is to spend it for something that will out last it.

James

It is better to be alone than in bad company.

George Washington

Be kind. Remember everyone you meet, is fighting a hard battle.

T.H. Thompson

Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.

Colton

The future is open, full, and free unless you clutter it with empty todays

Bill Lowe

(This column was created so that students can express themselves or share thoughts. If you have anything you'd like to share, please drop it off in the "Fulcrum" office and make note that it's for "Quiet Corner".)

Galloping Gastronomer

by Jeff Randall

To continue our overview of fast food restaurants in the Southern Tier, let's turn to the "Home of the Whopper," Burger King.

Who's got the best darn burger in the whole wide world? Well, Burger King claims to, and as far as I can see, they aren't too far wrong. But, not only does Burger King have good burgers, they also have one of the most varied menus on the fast food scene.

Where to begin? Take a look at the chain's trademark, the Whopper. A Whopper is a quarter pound (before cooking) all beef patty which is charbroiled and comes prepared with ketchup, pickles, onion, mayonnaise, lettuce and tomato, on a sesame seed bun. But, the chain has a slogan: "Have it your way" - and you can have your Whopper prepared with (or without) whatever you wish. Extra cheese and tomato slices are 10c extra per slice, but other than that, one can have a Whopper with extra pickles, ketchup, onions, mayonnaise and lettuce for \$1.02, which isn't a bad price because the Whopper is a meal in itself.

Another popular sandwich

on the Burger King menu is the Yumbo, unheard of in the Southern Tier until five years ago when Burger King first opened its doors in Broome County on Upper Front Street in the Northgate Plaza. The Yumbo is a hot ham and cheese sandwich on a sesame seed bun. One bite will convince you that the Yumbo is well worth the \$1.17 a sandwich price tag.

The Burger King also has hot dogs, the only one of the three major burger restaurants in this area that carries hot dogs. Burger King's hot dogs can be made with or without cheese, mustard, ketchup, and onions. But remember the phrase, "Have it your way," because conceivably, it does happen, you could order a hot dog with mayonnaise, lettuce or tomato. Strange, but to each his own.

In the beverage line, Burger King carries Coca Cola, Fanta Root Beer, Fanta Orange drink, 7-Up and a sugar free soft drink, either Tab or Diet 7-Up, depending on the store. Vanilla, chocolate and strawberry milkshakes come in three sizes, as do the Burger King soft drinks. In the hot beverage line, the "Home of the Whopper" has

coffee and hot chocolate.

If, after sampling Burger King's food you're still hungry, try an Ice Brrgr or a hot apple pie. What, you ask, is an Ice Brrgr? (pronounced of course like burger). Simply stated, it is Italian ice and Ice Brrgrs come in five flavors; lemon, root beer, cherry, orange, and grape.

Burger King also has the largest children's promotional campaign of any of the fast food chains. Every week, children under 12 at Burger King restaurants in Broome County receive a different toy or gift, such as Hopper Tops, Rummy Cards and King's Kazoos.

So, the next time you're in the mood for something quick, good, and inexpensive, visit Burger King, on East Main Street in Endwell; Upper Front Street in the Northgate Plaza, Upper Court Street, and State Street, Binghamton; Oakdale Mall, Johnson City; and coming soon to the Vestal Parkway, Vestal.

+ + Prices quoted in this feature are based on the Binghamton and Endwell Burger Kings only. Prices may vary at Carrolls Inc. Burger King restaurants in Vestal and Johnson City.

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CHEESEBURGER	.45	HOT DOG w/ CHEESE	.69
HOT DOG	.59	COCA COLA ROOT BEER ORANGE 7-UP TAB DIET 7-UP	Large ONION RING
Large FRY	.49		.69
FRY	.33	VANILLA CHOCOLATE STRAWBERRY	ONION RING
		.40 .50 .69	.49
ICE BRRGR	GRAPE	ROOT BEER	ORANGE
		CHERRY	LEMON
			.19
		HOT APPLE PIE	.30

THE HOME OF THE WHOPPER

A Dignified Life

(cont'd. from page 3)

like to see the view of the river, after which Riverview Convalescent Home was named. He would then promptly escort them to the portrait of Elwood B. Riverview, the founder of the home. This never failed to get a giggle out of the ladies and a chuckle from the men, with the exception, that is, of Thomas Baldwin.

It was in Charlie's sixth month that Baldwin came. On the day of the tour, Charlie had begun as he always did, with a friendly introduction. He stretched out his right hand, as he leaned on his cane, and with his big, warm smile, began "Hello, Thomas. The name's Charlie, Charlie Jamison." To which Baldwin snapped, "The name's Baldwin, Jamison!", leaving Charlie's outstretched hand empty and limp.

Charlie did not know quite how to handle him. He made the tour brief and concluded with his usual finish, "I hope you enjoy your stay here, Mr. Baldwin."

"My Stay? Enjoy my stay?" Bellowed Baldwin. "You talk as if this place is as its name implies, a convalescent home. Do you really expect to convalesce and leave? Well, I'm realistic. My stay here is not to be enjoyed. I am here simply to await my death!" With that he gripped his cane and slowly, but furiously, hobbled away.

Charlie rarely saw Baldwin around the home. He came to meals, but always sat alone. He spoke to no one, smiled at nothing. Charlie thought of him frequently, wondering what in life had left him with such a foreboding outlook.

On one of Anne's visits, he told her about him, and Anne replied, "But father, your life hasn't been easy. You've suffered, but you hold no bitterness within you."

On her drive home that day, Anne thought about her father, his life, his philosophy.

He had brought his young family through the depression thinking the worst was over, but only one decade later tragedy came again. He lost his oldest daughter to a strange disease called consumption; shortly after, he was to lose his eldest son to a vicious and widespread malady, World War II. But Charlie had been the strength of his surviving family, and Anne would never forget the nights, huddled around the fire, with memories of life and death conflicting. They would question him, first Jim, her older brother, then Anne, and sometimes, very quietly, even her mother. His answers never solved the whys. They never spoke of a God, a heaven, a hell, or even death. They always spoke of life. His deep blue eyes would seem to blaze with the flame of fire as he spoke, "Life is in the living. We can't waste it on the past. We must go on. Each moment, each hour is precious. Grasp it, live it, don't let it slip by wasted or regretted. It will never come again."

And this was how he had lived, a happy man. He was a fireman by profession, and much like the storybook type, gave rides to the children on Sundays. But, at the age of fifty-three, Charlie suffered a mild stroke and had been forced to retire. Yet even this did not stop

him from partaking in the community activities and projects. He always made the most of what he had.

Looking back, Anne could see that it was not long after her brother, Jim's death, that her mother's health failed. And with her death came a slight change in her father. Oh, he still laughed, but his laugh was not as hearty. And he still whistled, but it was not so merry. And then one day she had overheard him talking to her eldest daughter, Melissa, the night before she was to leave for college. He was telling her how precious life was, each moment, each hour. But, when Anne looked into his eyes, they looked dull and empty.

Charlie had continued to think about Baldwin long after Anne left Riverview. He could not get the man out of his mind. Baldwin had been right in saying this was no convalescent home, for very few of the residents ever left, except by hearsay. Charlie knew that with his increasing headaches and dizzy spells, he would not be leaving for a long time, if ever. But, to spend the remaining days or months or years waiting for death, was no way to live!

It was that evening that Charlie decided to pay a visit to Thomas Baldwin.

His light tap on the door of room seventeen was answered with a curt, "What do you want?"

"It's me, Charlie Jamison. I'd like to talk to you." There was a moment of silence, then the sound of a cane thumping lightly on the carpet; the door opened a few inches. Baldwin's unshaven face peered through the opening, his eyes piercing and mistrustful. "What do you want?" he repeated.

"I'd simply like to come in and talk to you. I've been thinking a lot about what you said the day of the tour; and I wanted to talk to you about it."

The door flew open, revealing a room as disheveled as the mind of its occupant.

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about but come in if you want."

Charlie entered the room, being careful where he placed his cane, for the floor was strewn with clothes and papers. The only thing which appeared to have been cared for was the bed, and as Charlie knew, the beds were changed by the nurses. The room was musty and warm, and a certain pungent odor hung in the air.

"This is no way to live," Charlie began as he sat down on the bed. But before he could continue, Baldwin sprang to the foot of the bed and grasped the footboard so tightly all color left his fingers. His eyes were blazing and he swayed from side to side as he struggled between breaths to get out the fury and frustration pent up within him. "I am not living!" he cried. "I am dying! I am seventy-eight years old and I am dying!"

Stunned by the sudden attack, Charlie fell backward on the bed. He looked up at Baldwin and retiated, "We're all dying, Baldwin, that is true. But we still have some life in us. We may have only weeks, then again we may have years. We don't know. We can't know. We have no control. But, one thing we can do is live the remaining days with dignity and grace. We can at

least..."

Baldwin interrupted, "Dignity! You talk about dignity! I'll tell you about dignity!"

Baldwin slowly made his way around the side of the bed, coming closer and closer to Charlie as he spoke.

"Ask my brother about dignity! He's right upstairs. Up on the third floor. He'll tell you about life and dignity! Ever been up on the floor?"

Charlie shrunk back. "My brother's been there for three and one half years. It was his heart they say. It stopped for awhile, but then it started up again. Only problem is his brain didn't start up again. He just lays there! He never makes a sound. But his eyes are open wide most the time, and he looks around and around. The eyes, the eyes, they look so frightened. He looks like he's trapped in a coffin and can't get out. Buried alive, he is; buried in his own body!"

Baldwin sank onto the bed, head in his hands, weeping bitterly.

Both men were perspiring heavily. Both were breathing hard and fast.

Baldwin spoke again, but his tone was so soft, Charlie could barely hear him. "I'm no fool Charlie Jamison. I can't live like that. I can't die like that."

How long he sat there, Charlie did not know. His mind raced from Baldwin, to himself, to his experience on the third floor. Finally, he rose from the bed and slowly made his way to the door. With his hand on the doorknob, he turned around and spoke, "Baldwin, I'm sorry about your brother."

He paused, then continued, "None of us knows what's ahead. I sure don't want to know. But I do know that right now I can go out in the garden and look up at the sky and see the moon and the stars; and that makes me happy. I can close my eyes and see my wife, even feel her presence; and that makes me happy. Or I could go into the game room and tell a joke and make a few friends laugh. And that makes me feel like life is worth living, no matter what tomorrow might bring."

Baldwin did not respond, or even look up, as Charlie shut the door behind him.

It was after this visit that Charlie's headaches became more severe. He did not tell anyone about them for fear he'd be sent to a hospital, or worse yet, the third floor. He also found himself giving in to fits of depression. He tried desperately to fight his way out of these moods, but could not drive away the thought of Baldwin, the brother, the third floor.

Nightmares began in which he'd find himself locked in that room with the young boy, the moaner and the drooler. And sometimes, he would even wake himself up groaning or else find he had drooled all over his pillow. This frightened him, for he'd never had such dreams before. But the dreams were as relentless as the headaches.

He was unable to hide these feelings from his friends, so he began to keep to his room. He sometimes skipped meals, for the headaches were such that he could not lift his head from the pillow.

It was most fortunate that Anne had gone on a trip with her family, for Charlie could not bear to have her see him like this.

One morning, following another long and sleepless night, Charlie decided to go to breakfast. His head was throbbing as usual, but he

needed desperately to get out of his room. On the way to the dining room, he heard a commotion in the garden. There was a group of people gathered around the gardener, who seemed to be telling a story.

As Charlie approached the group, he heard the gardener say, "Yep, they just took it away. So, anyway, like I was saying, I came closer to see what it was, and by God, there he was, a crumpled mass of bones and flesh and blood. Terrible sight! I couldn't believe my eyes. The police figure he jumped off the roof. I'm told he was a queer sort anyway. Never saw him around here myself. Baldwin's his name they say. Tim or Tom-Baldwin, something like that."

Charlie was shocked. He made his way through the crowd, his head pounding, his heart racing. "You fool! You fool!" he cried. He broke through the crowd and looked down at the broken plants and leaves, bathed in a pool of blood.

"Baldwin, you're wrong. You're wrong! There's no dignity in this! My God, you fool! You fool!"

The pounding inside his head became harder and harder; the sky began to swirl and sway above him. He felt himself stagger, but was supported by many hands.

"Baldwin, this is no way to die! This is no way to..." The pounding became louder and louder and louder. He could bear it no more. With a loud and long anguished cry, he clutched his head and crumpled to the ground.

The crowd stood stunned and silent, staring down at the body of Charlie Jamison and the blood of Thomas Baldwin.

Anne stood looking out the window, wiping the tears from her reddened eyes. She still could not believe it. He had looked fine when she left, but some of the other residents had noticed a change. What had she missed?

She looked down at her father; he looked so peaceful. Just then a doctor entered the room and slammed the door behind him.

"Oh please be careful," whispered Anne. "Don't wake him."

The doctor looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Well, when he's sleeping, like now, he looks so peaceful. But when he's awake, when his eyes are open, well he looks so frightened. His eyes look frightened." He must think I'm crazy, thought Anne, but I can read his eyes.

"I see," said the doctor. "How's he doing otherwise?" The doctor began examining Charlie, pulling up his eyelids, pinching his skin, testing his reflexes.

"Doctor will he ever get better? Will he ever talk?" asked Anne.

"Well it's hard to say. He's had a severe stroke, and the damage was quite extensive. It includes his speech center and his facial muscles as well as his extremities. So, of course, we've no idea of his state of consciousness. He is unable to communicate. But, don't worry, I've seen cases such as this, and they frequently get back the use of one arm and leg. However, the ability to express oneself, well, it's difficult to say whether he will ever get that back. But, as I said, Don't you worry. Why, with good care, he can have a good many years. Riverview has excellent facilities on its third floor. We can send him there in a few days."

The doctor patted Anne's

and smiled. "Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"No, Doctor thank you. Thank you very much." Anne sat by her father's bedside, took his limp hand in hers and kissed it. "Oh Father, if you can hear me, I love you. I love you so much."

She looked at the tube in his nose, the needles in his arms, and the tube coming from his bladder.

"Why? Why? she cried as she flung herself across him, kissing his face and weeping uncontrollably.

Charlie could feel the warm tears on his face and neck. Annie, my darling, if only I could comfort you, he

thought. He could taste her salty tears as she rubbed her face across his lips. He tried to raise his arm, to touch her, to hold her. But, he couldn't move, he couldn't talk. The words were there, but his tongue, his lips, they would not carry out his command. He felt so helpless.

How many times before had Annie cried to him like this? And how many times had he been asked that question, "Why?" But, he was able to comfort then. Charlie was always the strength. And now... now...

Oh God, he screamed within his mind, Baldwin was no fool!

Short Story: Hon. Mention

by Eric Schneider

Conrad Rasso stepped off the hydro lift into the corridor and stopped to look out. He was surrounded on three sides by glass walls, with empty space just beyond. Primitive, he thought, but luxurious. The rates should be fantastic. He directed his thoughts to the one blank wall and stepped into the outer office.

The secretary was almost too quick. Her left hand went for her persona shield, the other for her laser.

Rasso thought, and the secretary froze, halfway through her attack.

"Kindly tell Mr. Arnah that Mr. Rasso is here," he said.

The secretary began to move, realized what she was doing, and thumbed the intercom instead.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rasso, but not many people come through without a key card."

"Simple mind induction," said Rasso, "not many people have it." He smiled. This woman obviously would have cut down a different intruder. He stepped into the inner office.

Arnah's persona shield was glowing faintly. Rasso, his smile now a grin of contempt, walked across the room and sat down.

"You caught my secretary quite unawares, Mr. Rasso," Arnah explained. He turned his shield strength up to full. Rasso saw the difference, and his grin widened.

"Unawares is my business, Mr. Arnah. I am a specialist."

"And you are the best?"

Rasso smiled again. For him to kill the head of the business council would build his reputation to a new high.

"The best."

"But," countered Arnah, "with what kind of weapon?"

"I usually work with a laser," shrugged Rasso, "but no difference, dead is dead."

"You won't need accuracy, just destructive force. Have you ever heard of a .357 magnum?"

"It was a late 20th century weapon, based on chemical propellant. Hard to find."

"No matter, can you use one?"

"Yes, it's no problem."

"Good," said Arnah. "This is the problem in question."

"Our agency has obtained a new, more powerful time scanner," Rasso grunted.

"Those things get more 'new! improved!' stickers than presidents."

Arnah, undaunted, continued. "We can scan the future of everybody more accurately than before."

"Everybody but the user, that is," said Rasso.

"Well, naturally," retorted Arnah. "The hopes

and desires of the user would distort the readings of his own future. And certain people, such as myself are classified information, access denied to all. Such knowledge would be dangerous."

"Yes, it would be bad if investors could see future bankruptcies," said Rasso.

"Yes," agreed Arnah, "but that is not the problem."

"Just what is your problem, Mr. Arnah?"

"The problem," said Arnah, "is complicated. The solution is simple."

"The new scanner has located a person who will, in the space of a year, become more powerful than I."

"Just a small, trifling problem," cut in Rasso.

"Yes indeed! And you are the perfect solution! My specialists have tracked this man, back to the point of his mother's pregnancy. And now, finally, we have found the mother."

"So you found the mother? A nice paternal thought on your part. Who is this man you consider a problem?"

Arnah looked at him as if he were blind. Rasso watched his eyes turn from contempt to a mocking laughter.

"You don't see it, do you? We had to find the mother. This man doesn't have a name yet. He hasn't been born!"

Rasso came back quickly. "Impossible! How could a child have more knowledge than a fully educated man?"

Now Arnah looked confused. "We don't know, there is no precedent. But it will happen, if it is not prevented."

"But why not an abortion?" asked Rasso. "It's perfectly legal, the state even uses them to rid the country of undesirable elements. Just slip her away, quiet and simple. When she returns, no baby. No proof of what the child could have become. Once it has been destroyed, no future remains to be scanned."

"Yes, yes, simple on any common woman." Arnah was getting excited. "But this woman occupies a position high in society, where even the slightest implication would be reason for an investigation. Much easier for a hired gun to shoot her down. And not a simple laser, for the child could be saved in a lab."

Arnah jumped from his chair, and glared down at Rasso. "No, the fetus must be destroyed, so brutally that there is no chance of its survival!" Arnah sat back down, twiddled with his

(Continued on Page 5)

Short Story

(cont'd. from p.4)

writing eradicator. Finally he continued.

"That's the reason for the museum piece, the .357 magnum pistol. The destructive force is tremendous. A single shot to the stomach, at close range, and the child could not survive. Much less the mother."

"I see," said Rasso.
"Good, good. Then here is the whole standard fee. More is waiting in the Eurasia Bank when the task is finished. The job will be done one month from today. My assistants will provide you with a portfolio on the subject's daily movements. Good day, Mr. Rasso."

Rasso got up, turned to the wall.

"Oh, Mr. Rasso," purred Arnah, quite pleased with himself, "you will not come back, you will not communicate with me. You are on your own. I don't know you, I don't know the subject. I have not read the portfolio. There will be no implications of guilt."

"No implications," said Rasso. He walked through the wall. The secretary handed him a computer printout. He stepped into the hydro lift, signalled street level, and walked out into the street.

The first thing he did was step onto the sidewalk that traveled to the center of the city. He was whisked quickly to city zero. Funny, he thought, how the city's center should be the spot where the first cobalt bomb had detonated during the last war. But people were always fascinated with destruction.

He moved to the central hydro lift, slightly jostled by the thousands of other occupants. He looked at his companions carefully. Although he possessed a mind equipped to kill, some of the mutants were terribly revolting, and in such a crowd, there could be no telling when a person would accidentally expose a facial quirk, or a radiation-scarred hand.

He thought about the task at hand. The pistol, though an oddity, could be bought. Rasso smiled. Even with the complete ban of all personal weapons from public use, the black market provided an unconquerable arsenal of weapons. His smile broadened as he thought of the relative ease of his job. No real risk of being shot back at. No law abiding citizen carried a weapon. All the firepower rested in the hands of the police, and there were never enough police to protect everybody.

The lift had stopped at the lower level. Rasso stepped out. There were few people about, this was one of the deepest sections of the city, and prone to crime. But Rasso was unmolested as he proceeded to his destination. Nobody disturbed a man who was quick with his laser.

Rasso entered another building. This one had no lifts, at this level, none were needed, so cramped was the space. A nervous little man appeared from some hidden corner.

"Yes, Mr. Rasso, what do you require? Perhaps an amplifier for your laser? A very simple device, but it will extend your effective range by several hundred meters." He looked up hopefully.

"With a range of 500 I have little use for any more."

Rasso tried to hide his

disgust. Even though Martin Requinéz had been almost 100km from the blast, he had taken large amount of radiation. His head was bald, the skin a pale white. He looked at Rasso through clear, colorless eyes. Rasso choked.

"No, Marty, I need a relic, a .357 magnum pistol and ammunition. Do you have one?"

"Why yes, I believe I do, I'm sure of it!" Marty fumbled through some dirty boxes, looking for a long forgotten method of destruction.

"Here it is!" He held it up, proudly displaying a dusty plastic bag filled with oil and a lump in the middle. "And here are the, uh, bullets, I believe they were called."

Rasso ripped open the package, drained the oil, and pulled out the gun. Marty handed him a cloth. He wiped off the barrel and the grip, opened the chamber and cleaned it of the oil. He looked through the six empty chambers and the barrel. The metal shown back in the light. He snapped the cylinder back into position and pulled the trigger. Satisfied, he set the pistol on a crate, and took the box of ammunition.

"Are you sure these are the right caliber?"

"Should be," said Marty, pointing to the printing on the box. "See? .357 magnum hollow point bullets."

Rasso, not satisfied this time, opened the box and pulled out a shell. The stamp on the casing agreed with Marty. He put the bullet back, and set the box next to the pistol.

"How much?"

"Fifty credits."

"All right, done," said Rasso, thumbing the bills. He put the money next to the pistol, picked up his purchase, and walked out.

Rasso went back to his apartment. He taped the pistol to the underside the table. Then he picked up the portfolio and opened it.

The subject lived in the southern section of the country. She would visit her faceystylist one month from today. Rasso grunted. This would be simple. Not like firing a laser over some vast distance. Just point and shoot. The only similarity was that both were deliberate actions-and both had the same result.

He reached over and thumbed the visagraph. A month was a long time to wait, and he had no intention of sitting in the middle of the city.

"Yes?" the visagraph pinged.

"I would like a flyer at 9:00 tomorrow morning."

"Yes, Mr. Rasso. If you will kindly deposit your five credits please."

Rasso pulled out his coinage and deposited it in the machine. The screen flashed green.

"Dinner?" the machine asked.

Rasso had forgotten eating. "Menu," he asked. The menu flashed on.

Rasso made his selections, told the machine and sat back to wait. The meal came up the hydro lift and slid onto the table. Rasso took off his shoes and began to eat. The food refreshed him. He laid back and went to sleep.

He woke promptly at 8:00. Packing quickly, he slid the pistol into a small pouch. Let the security forces try to open that. It would respond only to his will.

He was on the flyer level by nine. Setting the controls to manual, he lifted across the city towards the distant mountains, climbed to 40,000 meters and leveled off.

Rasso was well into his

trip and approaching the mountains when he suddenly pushed the flyer into a vertical dive. At 100 meters he pulled out, and then, traveling a few meters from the ground, sped through a gap between two cliffs. Now the peaks towered above him as he weaved through canyons, up hidden valleys. Finally, tired, he set the flyer down in a small clearing. The cabin, his home for the next month, was cramped against one hill. He stepped out and looked around. Nobody had been here recently. The last war had left the area almost inaccessible. Nobody knew he was here, and there was no method of reaching him. He was totally isolated.

He opened the portfolio again, and looked at the woman's name, Marilee McNeal. Yes, it was an old family name and very influential. But in a month that wouldn't matter.

Vince Arnah sat back in his chair. He had no time to thing of Rasso. Very soon the government agents would arrive, with a demand for something "beneficial to the state." These demands usually took money and time, and Arnah wished to lose neither.

His visagraph brightened. "The gentlemen from the government are here, Mr. Arnah."

"Yes, send them in," sighed Arnah. Throw them out would have been better, he thought. He settled back again and braced himself for the barrage of suggestions which he would have to agree to.

The officials walked into the office. Arnah waved them to seats without standing. They all sat. One pulled out a large sheaf of papers, all very impressively marked TOP SECRET: GOVERNMENT AND SUBJECT EYES ONLY.

"Mr. Arnah," started the top official, "you have been very generous in helping the state in recent years."

"Thank you," Arnah said, blandly. Some privilege, he thought.

"Yes," the agent continued, "and we have one other favor to ask of you. As you know, and readily admit, you are the most intelligent, shrewd human alive today. For this reason, we ask a very great favor."

What are they going to ask for, my life and soul? But the agent was continuing.

"Our science in the field of pediatrics and the like has progressed very rapidly, and now, after extensive research, we have found a way to transplant the life entity, mind, and the will of a man into another human fetus. All knowledge is transferred. When the child is born, it has all the mental capabilities of its adult donor. But, it also has another whole lifetime ahead of it. If the subject were you, it would start from the top. Do you see what I'm driving at?"

"Yes, I do," said Arnah, interested. "You want me to be a donor, to transfer my mind to that of a small child?"

"Quite," smiled the agent. "A very small child."

"And I would lose nothing?"

"Nothing," assured the agent.

"Has it been done before?"

The agent smiled. Never visagraph set it to work. The image focused on a baby, sitting in a chair. A recorder took every word it said. But this baby was not gibbering useless nonsense. It was dictating an essay on a

physical time warp.

Arnah looked, amazed. Since the visagraph functioned on mental energy, it could not be tampered with and still work properly. A madman with a visagraph made no more sense viewed than live.

"Who?"

"The late doctor Stevenson," said the agent. "His body was buried last week, but his mind continues, in his new body."

"The statistics."

He was handed the sheaf of papers. All the figures agreed. So did Arnah.

"A contract?"

The agent smiled. Never before had Arnah been so happy to sign. But this time the benefits were obvious.

The contract was handed to him. He signed quickly.

"The transfer will take place tomorrow, Mr. Arnah. A suitable mother has been found, and has already agreed. Considers it quite an honor, actually."

"Yes, I agree," said Arnah. "By the way, who is the mother?"

"Marilee McNeal," said the agent. "Good day, Mr. Arnah."

"Good day, gentlemen!"

The agents got up and walked out. Arnah sat back in his chair.

"Ah, to be young again!"

he sighed. Then, annoyed at himself for the cliché, he went back to the day's work. He wanted to tie up all loose ends before his nine-month leave of absence.

Rasso looked out of the cabin window. Time to move! He scratched his three week beard as he walked out the door and climbed into the flyer. He flew manually out of the mountains, then set the auto pilot for the southern quadrant.

In five hours he was there. Atlanta, or what was left of it, sprawled for 100km inland. The surface was a desert where few survived. But underneath, in the depths was the real city.

Rasso set the flyer down at the deck and pulled out his luggage. He got into the hydro lift and descended into the city. Safe in a new room, he unpacked his equipment. He laid the pistol on the bed, confident. The time in the mountains had allowed him to practice, and he knew all its limitations.

And tomorrow, the job would be done.

He ate and slept.

The next morning he read the portfolio for the last time. The faceystylist appointment would end at 11:17. At 11:25 Marilee would walk out the doors of the building. Rasso would meet her there. He loaded the pistol and left.

Marilee had never been happier, she thought. She would be the mother of the mind of Vince Arnah. The transfer was complete and successful. Now she would have her facestyle changed, to that of a proven woman. She would be a respected force in the city.

The mind of Vince Arnah was also content. For now he was warm, fed, and happy. He had marvelled at his new home for a time, but now, with no world to disturb him, he slept.

Rasso felt the cold butt of the pistol in his hand. It was 11:24. He tensed, ready to finish his work. At 11:25, just as foretold, Marilee walked through the door. Conrad

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Rasso lifted the pistol and fired three times. Marilee, hit by the shots, fell backwards, screaming, dying, nearly cut in two at the waist.

And Vince Arnah, with nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, died before he realized what was happening.

Rasso pocketed his pistol and left to collect his pay.

Essay: Honorable Mention

Chatty Cathy, We Need You

by Susan Barker

Remember that old saying, "Invent a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door."? Well, to be truthful, I wouldn't want the world showing up at my door, even if it tiptoed. But then, I really don't have to worry about it. The only thing I ever invented was a more accurate way to shoot spit-wads. You see, Thomas Edison I'm not.

At the time, my sixth grade teacher, far less impressed with my invention than my classmates, did take me by the hand and promptly began beating a path. Fortunately, the path led to the principal's office and not to my parents' door.

The point behind all of this, is that I immediately gave up inventing, realizing, even then, that my mother would be less than pleased if such pursuits brought the world, or even such a small part of it as one sixth grade teacher, to her door.

It's really too bad that my talents were nipped in the bud like that, because now I'm faced with a problem that may only be solved by a new invention and it's obvious that I can't appeal to our contemporary inventors for help. They are far too preoccupied with schemes for alternate energy sources, designs for kitchen appliances to use energy from both primary and alternate sources, and with drafting plans for space shuttles to take us all to another planet once we exhaust the resources here on Earth, to be concerned with inventing "better mousetraps" and the like.

So now, the responsibility for presenting the problem and proposing the solution falls back on my unwilling and underdeveloped shoulders. But, before I become too comfortable in my martyrdom, I better get on with it.

Yesterday, like so many other mornings, I woke up late. Personally, I'm convinced that the only thing worse than getting up in the morning, is getting up LATE in the morning. Every time it happens, I end up tearing around the house like a Tasmanian Devil. I spill the coffee, try on and tear off at least six different outfits, none of which feel quite right, put Avon Hand Cream on my toothbrush, and finally, after a minimum of ten other disasters, head off for school, driving with semi-murderous intent.

The problem isn't mine alone. If it was, I think I'd shut up about it and hope no one else noticed the catastrophic path left in my wake on those mornings. But I know that every morning, thousands of Americans, like myself, are late for work, school, bowling leagues and appointments. All of those appliances, developed by the noble inventors in order to speed us through our morning routine, are of no use you see, unless we are awake to use them.

It seems quite obvious then, that what we really need is a better alarm clock.

This statement will undoubtedly outrage alarm clock manufacturers. After all, they've tried bells, buzzers, sexy voices that attempt to seduce us out of bed (that's a twist), and even a model that projects the time, digitally, on the ceiling. Sorry guys. It's not that I'm ungrateful, it's just that they don't work.

I've figured out, that whatever an alarm clock does in its attempt to call me back from the land of the living, breathing, dreaming, semi-dead, it will only work once or twice. The third morning my subconscious mind has it beat.

I don't even have to wake up! Turning over, eyes rolling behind still closed lids, I fumble with the clutter on the headboard until I find the little button that will shut the cursed thing off. All of this is accomplished without conscious effort. Just a few deep breaths and I'm back in the middle of my REM Dream of the Week.

You do it too, don't you? How many nights, last month for example, did you set all three alarm clocks to go off at 15 minute intervals, starting 45 minutes before you really HAD to get up? More importantly, how many times, in spite of your nightly vigil, did you wake up a half an hour AFTER you really had to get up, and then find that all those clocks had mysteriously turned themselves off, even as you slept peacefully, less than two feet away?

The basic idea behind the alarm clock is sound. Unless the resting body is in a deep coma or catatonic state, an unpredictable loud noise should be an effective means of restoring consciousness. Unfortunately, there is nothing unpredictable about hearing the same noise, at the same volume, at essentially the same time, every morning.

There's the key! What we need is an alarm clock that is capable of producing a variety of noise, preferably ungodly in nature, which may be selected at random.

Remember "Chatty Cathy"? She's that obnoxious little doll with the ring on her back. God only knows what's going to come out of her mouth, when you pull that ring. If some fast talking salesman-type could get her off in a corner and talk her into signing a Donor Card, we could gas her on the spot, and rush her off to surgery before she figured out what was going on. It really shouldn't be too hard, she never impressed me as being in full possession of her faculties anyway.

From there, I'm sure a skilled surgeon would have little difficulty removing her ring and connected mechanisms, and then transplanting them, with slight modification in type

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EDITOR'S PAGE

Election Article Rebutted

Dear Editor,

After reading your "Birdman" series March 15, 1978, I have to disagree with the article. First of all, I "naturally" was not elected President of U.S.G. I was opposed by Rob Mack, a nursing student, until the Friday before the elections.

Secondly, as you know, there have been very many cases of flu going around this campus which made it very difficult for the candidates to "push" their platform. I, for one, was confined to bed

very sick the week of the elections. Not to mention that I was in Albany on a Community College Students' Association Meeting on Monday and Tuesday of that week. Since I was sick in bed, leaving posters was my best alternative to pushing my platform.

Next time your paper decides to make such statements about U.S.G., please consult us first.

Debra Gobie
President of U.S.G.

Questions Answered on Reassessments

Broome County Legislature County Office Bldg.
Government Plaza
Binghamton, N. Y. 13901
Ladies and Gentlemen:

Much has been discussed and opinions by many have been formed regarding the issue of reassessment-revaluation of real property in Broome County. More must be said and understood before a decision can be made by the Legislature for or against a proposal on revaluation.

I am therefore appointing an Ad Hoc committee to investigate the course that this Legislature might travel in reaching a proper decision for "reval." What are the advantages? More importantly, what are the disadvantages? What laws have just passed or are now pending in the State Legislature which will affect or dictate your direction??

If the Committee decides to recommend reassessment, I would suggest that special consideration be given to the elderly property owners in this County, most of whom are on fixed incomes. It would appear from the information recently presented in the Evening

Press, owners of homes might be the most adversely affected rather than the commercial or industrial establishments.

I would further suggest that one of the starting points for discussion would be with the town, city and village governments within Broome County. It will be important to have harmony, guidance and understanding with all municipalities before a final report can be given to this Legislature. I would ask that a completed report be returned to the Legislature by December 1978.

The committee will be comprised of seven (7) members of the Broome County Legislature, as follows:

Hon. Carl S. Young, Chairman
Hon. O. Cleon Barber
Hon. Richard R. Blythe
Hon. Victor A. Lacatena
Hon. Thomas J. McAvoy
Hon. James W. McCabe, Jr.
Hon. Francis A. Norton, Jr.
Respectfully,
NORMAN R. SHADDUCK

CHAIRMAN
BROOME COUNTY
LEGISLATURE

FULCRUM

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Charlie Pearsall	Rebecca Hamlin
Cheryl Skojec	Bill Lowe

The FULCRUM is published bi-monthly. Its office is located in the Union. Letters to the editor are welcome and must be typed and signed, but names will be withheld upon request. The editors-in-chief reserve final authority on all matters pertaining to the newspaper.

Opinions and material printed in the FULCRUM are not necessarily those of the FULCRUM staff or of BCC.

Apathy Plagues Faculty

Apathy - the word alone bores the reader because of its over use by the media. Previously much has been written about student apathy on the Broome campus and by now everyone should know how apathetic students are.

This however, is about faculty apathy at BCC. This type of apathy has really hit close to home in the past month, and, though I didn't want to admit that it existed, I found that it does exist on campus.

United Student Government drew up a new constitution this academic year, and it was implemented. In the back, there is a section on the media. The constitution states that it is Media Board that is responsible for establishing: "1) Code of Ethics, 2) Student Responsibility, 3) Advisor(s), 4) Journalistic Standards, 5) Editorial Policy, and 6) Operational Procedure." That is an excellent idea, but it is still just an idea.

Actually, Media Board is a good concept but it may never get off the ground. For over one month the editors of the FULCRUM and Citadel have been trying to put together this board consisting of three faculty members and four students (two from Citadel and two from FULCRUM).

As of press time, only one faculty member had been located and he, Mr. Hertzog, is the Citadel advisor. The FULCRUM's advisor could serve on this board but teacher apathy strikes again. The FULCRUM has operated this year without the help of an advisor (isn't that against the rules).

Media Board, though, is not an advisory position. The board is planning on meeting twice a month for about an hour, but apparently, the professors can not be bothered by helping out the paper and general campus community.

We, the staff of FULCRUM, are the first to admit that we are not perfect and could use some guidelines and supervision. We simply try to do the best job we can perform.

So, back to the supposed board, the board is not an advisory position, so the pressures of being advisor are not there nor is the full time commitment of an advisorship.

It seems ludicrous that with the faculty on staff at BCC, two will not come forward and help out the campus community by setting up the aforementioned policies.

It seems sad and possibly tragic that no one will come forward. Where is the tuition money going? If it is going to pay for teachers who, outside the classroom, don't give a damn, I don't want to contribute.

NYPIRG Expresses Appreciation

I am writing to express my appreciation for yours and the Fulcrum's support of NYPIRG and your willingness to cooperate with those of us involved with NYPIRG on the BCC campus. However, there were several misconceptions in the Birdman article (March 1) which must be cleared up.

The first is that although NYPIRG had a representative (Beth Mende) at BCC on a part-time basis last fall, I myself did not arrive on campus until just prior to this semester.

Since January 1, 1978, I have been working full-time as the NYPIRG Project Coordinator at BCC. The function of a full-time project coordinator is to provide continuity and high-quality supervision for research projects as well as to coordinate all phases of NYPIRG's activities at BCC. The CETA grant supporting my salary was written in response to BCC students asking for help in establishing a NYPIRG office on campus.

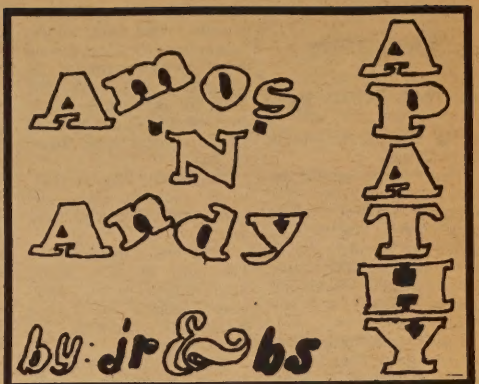
We currently have six student interns who will receive academic credits for their project work, plus several tentative student commitments (ones who may receive credit). These students are working on projects such as a prescription drugs survey, an eye care comparative costs survey, the "bottle" bill (state legislation regarding deposits on all beverage containers), and other consumer research projects. In addition, we have many other students willing to volunteer their time without receiving academic credit.

A second misconception to be clarified pertains to the opportunities NYPIRG

offers BCC students. NYPIRG does not specifically train individuals in public speaking, technical writing, secretarial sciences, etc. Rather, as a research and advocacy organization, NYPIRG offers students an opportunity to develop some of these skills as a by-product to their public interest research work. In effect, students "learn by doing," but receive expert, professional guidance in the process from NYPIRG staff as well as their faculty sponsor.

A third point that must be clarified has to do with the political labeling of NYPIRG. NYPIRG is a non-profit, nonpartisan research and advocacy organization established, directed, and supported by New York State college and university students. It simply is not accurate to label NYPIRG as a "leftist," "conservative," or even "liberal" organization.

A good deal of NYPIRG's effort takes place in the legislative arena. Last year, NYPIRG was instrumental in getting the following bills enacted into law: the generic drug law, the lay language law, the home insulation act, and an improved version of the freedom of information law. Since NYPIRG has a very limited budget and represents no single vested interest other than consumers, their success can be attributed to NYPIRG's excellent rapport with a variety of legislators—a rapport based primarily on NYPIRG's reputation for producing highly accurate professional research to guide our state representatives in their work. In its activities in Albany, NYPIRG often works closely with legislators from all points on the political



Rambling, which is what this column is all about, can be very profitable. In my travels around campus I have found that no one really seems to care much about anything. Could it be that people are just afraid to show their concern and voice an opinion? If this is so, then what has happened to our idea of democracy and the so called power of the people.

No one cares that only ninety-some people voted in the last USG election. That statistic pretty well tells the story of how pronounced apathy has become on this campus. USG meetings, which are open to the public and held during the college hour (Tuesdays at 11:00 a.m.), are usually attended by a rousing crowd of nearly 15. Considering that 11 of those attending hold an office of position in government and must be in attendance to fulfill their positions.

Oh well, "che sera sera" as the song goes. To continue, (now what were we, I mean me discussing? Oh yes) it hurts me to think that no one cares. As Diogenes, who searched for an honest man, I search for a concerned person. Any willing and possible please respond (if you can find the time in your tremendously busy schedule) to the FULCRUM office. Ask for me-Amos.

To the Editor,

I'm tired of hearing students, who just sit on their asses, complain about people who are working hard; claiming they aren't working hard enough. They have no right to complain because they aren't doing anything to help.

Recently, while I was in the cafeteria, I overheard three students griping that the "Fulcrum" hadn't

covered a certain event (which wasn't anything major) and that the quality of the articles that were included were rather poor. (They used harsher words.)

This is ridiculous! If any student thinks he or she can do any better on covering events or writing articles, I challenge him or her to put a pen to the paper and prove it by writing for or joining the staff.

Alexander M. Lowe

spectrum. Moreover, such political diversity can be found within the membership of NYPIRG itself.

A fourth point to discuss pertains to finances. Each NYPIRG member school contributes money for the staff and services it receives. This financing usually comes from money the students have paid into their student activities fees fund. However, our operation at BCC is currently being subsidized by NYPIRG—i.e. by students throughout the state. BCC will be receiving approximately \$15,000 worth of staff time and services through NYPIRG from January 1, 1978 until January 1, 1979. If BCC students find NYPIRG beneficial and relevant to their course work and lives, then next year they will decide to support NYPIRG financially by appropriating a portion of their activities fees to the organization just as other member schools do. If not, NYPIRG will have to withdraw staff and services because no professional organization can continue without adequate financial resources. I would think that we at BCC would be too proud to ask other hard-working students around the state to support us to this extent for more than one year, a period in which we hope to have the opportunity to become a viable organization on campus with a wide student contingency.

It is true that this opportunity would be greatly enhanced if we received further cooperation from the BCC administration, such as the support and cooperation given to us during the fall, which we have been grateful for. The continued aid and assistance of the administration as well as the

students is crucial to our success this semester. Of particular value would be a temporary location which would serve as a resource center available for all students and as a place to work on projects, supervise interns, and meet for the purpose of planning and coordinating research projects and activities.

NYPIRG is students—students fund the organization, they direct it, and they benefit from their experiences within it. But NYPIRG and the community both benefit from its activities. At BCC we have an even more significant contribution to make to the community because a large percentage of our students will remain in this area. They are, consequently, our future community. If we train our students in the skills of effective research and advocacy and instill in them a sense of concern for the community in which we all live, we have trained them in good citizenship. A pool of knowledgeable citizens is a significant community resource; and their skills can be applied to Broome County public service.

Having lived in Broome County all my life, I have found it a pleasure to work with area students and to discover that they are not apathetic. With direction and support from one another, and in working cooperatively with the administration, community, and each other, we will be able to accomplish our common long-term goals. We have already started to achieve our short term ones. I hope that we will be able to communicate better with one another in the future.

Thank you.

Peggy R. Gaylord

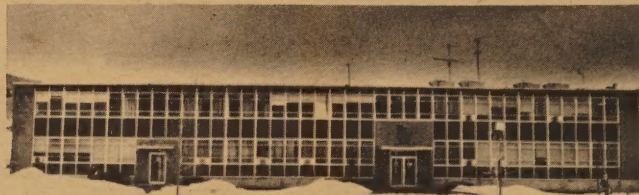


Joe Average Goes To Broome

by
Bernard Shakey



Special thanks are in order for the concerned faculty who suggested the subject matter for this page.



No, this is not a photograph of an Endicott Johnson Factory.

Here leans Joe Average. Joe is a Business Administration major who has an English class in the E.T. building. Notice, his attempt to look "cool". He shares the accepted attitude that if his day is not already too busy, he may go to class. He can not find a decent reason for sitting in a classroom that looks like a hole anyway.

Inside the E.T. building, J. Average tries to read his comic book in the first floor hallway, but develops eye strain due to the poor lighting conditions. The darkness combined with dirty gray floors and dingy walls amplifies the gloom prevalent in the building. Tales have been passed down that Electrical Tech majors rarely venture outside the building except for an infrequent trip to the Sub for food; they also say that there students fade into the walls of the E.T. building never to be seen again. Such tales have no factual basis but after walking down the corridors of this drab structure, one begins to wonder...



Comfortable and intellectually stimulating classrooms are also provided at B.C.C. Unfortunately, the Business building is the only place spared on campus where the traditional dull green, gray, faded blue, or dirty brown paint does not cover the walls.



Big Brother Speaks! Other than the simulated factory atmosphere of the E.T. building, the college offers a few peculiar objects in the structure. For instance, the water fountain on the first floor is activated by obstructing a light beam projected above the spout instead of depressing the foot peddle.



This is an institution of higher learning! Our campus is not a conglomerate of fun houses where students are to enjoy themselves. They are here to learn.

There is no place like home. The students who have English in room 110 of the Mechanic's building, find themselves seated in a room that was once a garage. In fact, the room next door still is a garage in which the noises created by the workers, and the crazy bell, penetrate the wall separating it from the classroom.



Placement Office Begins Column

Does the above cartoon typify your feelings on the job scene? Certainly, during these times of restricted opportunities, you are not alone. Competition is tight, and many are making use of and services available to aid them in securing meaningful and rewarding positions. Don't be left out in the cold! The Placement Center (located in Wales 200) has detailed literature on many

aspects of the job hunting process, including practical tips on resume writing and interviewing procedures. We also have brochures on nearly 850 occupations, including such relative unknowns as photogrammetrist, floriculturist, and nematologist. So drop on by and check us out. We're open every day Monday through Friday, and I'll be more than happy to arrange for evening

hours on Tuesday and Thursday for evening and part-time students.

Happy Hunting,
Lou DiDomenico
Career Development
Specialist

Note: There will also be an interesting lecture-workshop on Monday evening, April 10th, by Tom Jackson entitled "Guerilla Tactics in the Job Market."

Jobs Available Abroad

Hundreds of U.S. students will find jobs in France, Ireland and Great Britain this summer through the Work in Europe program sponsored by the Council on International Educational Exchange (CIEE). For the past nine years, this popular program has provided students with the direct experience of living and working in another country and, at the same time, helped them reduce the cost of their trip abroad. The Work in Europe program virtually eliminates the red tape that students faced in

the past when they wanted to work abroad.

Participants must find their own jobs but will have the help of cooperating student travel organizations in each country. In France they may work during the summer; in Great Britain they may work at any time of the year for up to six months; in Ireland they may work at any time of the year for up to four months.

The jobs are usually unskilled - in factories,

department stores, hotels, etc. Salaries are low, but students generally earn enough to pay for their room and board while they work. A typical job would be that of chambermaid in a hotel in London's West End. But last summer one enterprising student found work as an apprentice jockey for one of Ireland's racing stables.

To qualify for CIEE's program, students must be between the ages of 18 and 30 and must be able to prove their student status. To work in France, they must also be able to speak and understand French.

For more information and application forms, contact CIEE, Dept. PR-A, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, New York 10017; or 236 North Santa Cruz, No. 314, Los Gatos, California 95030.

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On Repairs. (Student's responsibility to show I.D.)
General Discount on All Typewriters

Huge Assortment of Models & Sizes at Discounts
AUTHORIZED OLYMPIA & SMITH-CORONA DEALER
Specials on New & Used Models

COLLEGE CHOIR

NEEDS BASSES

and BALANCE CHORAL SOUND

SINGING 'AFRICAN MASS'

by NORMAN LUBOFF

SPRING TOUR and CONCERT REHEARSALS

MONDAY & WEDNESDAY - 4 & 6 P.M.

in T-102

(OTHER VOICES INVITED TO JOIN)

Campus Has Ministry

Although many people may think that Father Jones is here to replace Father Pompei - he is not. He is also not here to convert us all into Catholics. "That is the farthest thing from my mind," said Father Jones. "I'm here because I want the students to know that someone cares and is here to help them in their spiritual or faithful life."

After Father Pompei resigned, a circular was sent out by Bishop Harrison in search of someone interested in working with students. Again not to replace Father Pompei, but to keep up the parish on campus.

Father Jones felt college students are more interesting to work with, and he wanted to help them find their direction in life. He also has worked with young adults in Teen Seminar and local High Schools for 11 years. The Newman Club set up an appointment for Father Jones to meet with Dr. Blomerley. Dr. Blomerley was also provided with a letter from Bishop Harrison proving that he belonged to the Saint Anthony Rectory in Endicott.

Given an office in the Library S-7, Father Jones looks forward to meeting with the students. He also hopes to have other members in the Newman Club on campus, such as Rev. Hockenbury. (At the time of this writing a meeting with him was not possible). Let's all work together to make him feel welcome.

By: Becky Hamlin
Bill Lowe

Mass Theory Probed

by Cheryl Skojec

Dr. William Murray, an associate professor of engineering science here at BCC has, with Dr. Douglas Hall, co-authored a paper on the study of light variations and mass exchange. Dr. Hall is an astronomer at Vanderbilt University.

BCC sponsored a summer sabbatical at Vanderbilt University, during which Dr. Hall and Dr. Murray worked gathering and recording data. They hoped to prove that binary stars, while orbiting each other, exchange mass, resulting in the observed light variations. However, they noticed that light variations occurred out of eclipse.

To explain this, they developed a new theory. This theory stated that the gravitational pull between the stars pulled the star spots around the surface of the star, resulting in these out-of-place variations. Star spots are the same as sun spots.

In order to prove this, they chose a non-binary star in the same stellar class, Beta Aquilae. The idea was that because there was no second star there would be no moving of star spots and therefore no light variations. This is what they did observe in about 100 observations over a span of about six months. These observations helped prove the mass exchange theory.

Dr. Murray has been here at BCC for 8 years. He teaches astronomy and circuits.



WHERE'S MY ADVISOR?? ... to apply, contact Fulcrum 772-5165.

Another Letter to Editor...

Sports Program Desired

Broome Community College
Binghamton, N. Y. 13902

I am writing this letter on behalf of myself, and others incarcerated at this facility, who have shown serious concern in seeking to establish a competitive sports program, through participation by college and community interested individuals.

Competitive sports programs are for the most part, non-existent at this facility. Although we have intermural (in-facility) teams in basketball, we do not have outside contact in the areas of track, boxing (amateur competition), and other related intermural sports programs. I feel that competitive sports is one of the prime areas existent, which not only holds a man's attention while incarcerated, but serves for some, an aspiration for future goals within sports. I also feel that a growth stability should exist in competitive sports which would work as a tool for social re-entry into the community for many men today incarcerated. Many of us tend to identify with relatable peer groups, but this interaction is not compatible within a prison structure, unless there is some type of community

support program, which enables a man to work towards a challenge. Again, competitive sports of the nature used in your programs, are such a tool. In reviewing many of the hurdles which I believe would be placed in such an endeavor if you were in agreement, is whether a school participating in the N.C.A.A. Programs, would be permitted to maintain sports programs of a competitive nature of the type contemplated. Naturally, there would be some reservations, but I do believe they could be worked out mutually, and would serve to benefit not only the community, school, and active rehabilitation for those men today incarcerated.

In this regard, you may rest assured that my intentions are sincere, and I so seek and solicit your opinion. I would also like to request that you place a copy of this letter on one of the student bulletin boards, so those who would have comments, could write to me directly on these issues. I express my appreciation for the time you have taken to read this letter, and further express my gratitude for your consideration of some.

Tyrell Jackson-Bey

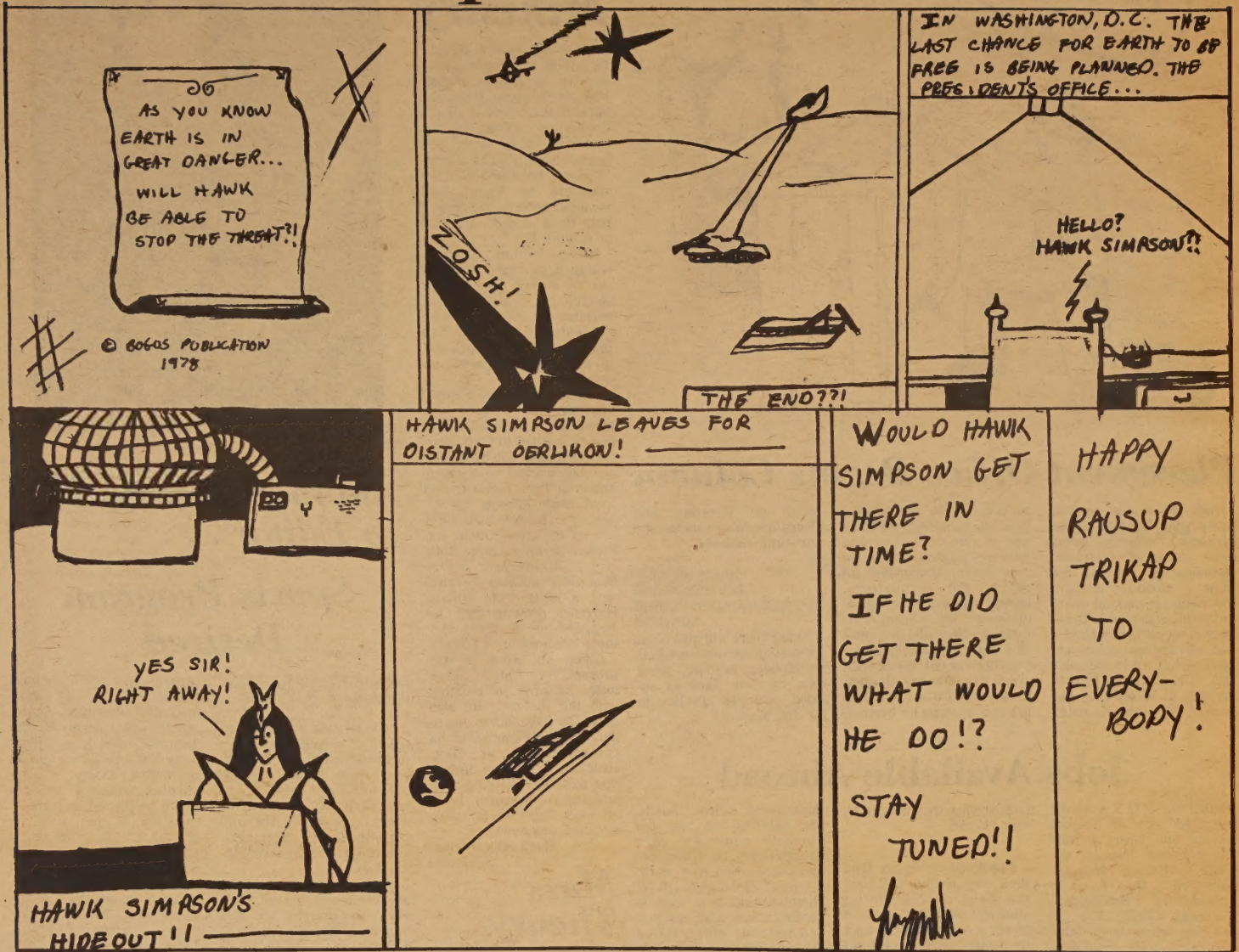


Our Gang

by Bad Crazies

Hawk Simpson

by
Larry
Miller



Classifieds

Francine,
Keep lighting those matches
From one with
whom you argued

Francine,
Keep coming in the union. The
fire building is good practice,
hope you feel better.
The MAD GREEK

Mac,
Keep buying those Chinooks,
stereos, and paraphernalia.
W.S.

Scott,
I don't care if you aren't
Stickley-Silver, developing is
great fun and it costs you
nothing!
From one who KNOWS

Addressers Wanted Im-
mediately! Work at home—no
experience necessary—excellent
pay. Write American Service,
8350 Park Lane, Suite 269,
Dallas, TX 75231

N. Marie S.
The roller'Rena has never
seen the likes of us. When shall
we amaze and astound them
again?
T.H.E. MANN

Chico:
Try again next semester,
Kelly O. will be even BETTER!
Anyway, you didn't lose TOO
much face.
Kelly's fan

BABE:
Baseball season is almost
here. I hope we will enjoy many
fine "walks" together.
A "FANN"

1973 Olds 98, V-8, automatic,
power steering and brakes. Good
condition, good gas mileage.
Asking \$2,000. See Tasos Stefanos
Union Citadel or ext. 5165

I hope you find what you are
seeking... Another dried Rose
from the closet. Dig those bars.

Sue,
How is studying going? How's
the inner spaces of psychology
and philosophy? Viva la college
semesters and the heck with
vacations (except summer).
Wayne

Help Wanted
The Binghamton Boy's Club-
Binghamton Girl's Club is now
accepting applications for
summer employment at our Day
Camp and In-building programs.
Check with the Placement Office
for further information. The
deadline for accepting ap-
plications is April 7, 1978.

For sale—1973 Chevy Nova, v-6,
automatic, power steering,
radio, good condition, under
50,000 miles, asking \$2300. See
Bev Suflika in Wales 202.

Pink Cadillac, 3 good wheels, 1
broken wheel. Features: Turn
signals don't work but lever
honks, great stereo jack busted,
windshield cracked. Inquire care
of The Grizzly.

Attention gum Chewers! Please
don't throw your gum wrappers
out. Please save them and leave
them at the FULCRUM office.
There is a group of mentally
retarded children that use gum
wrappers for their art class and
they are desperate.

Phil meet Jerry, Jerry meet
Phil, Had meet Hahn, Hahn meet
Had, Had meet Jerry, Jerry
meet Had, Hahn meet Jerry,
Jerry meet Hahn, Phil meet Had
and Hahn and vice versa and
please no one meet Russ and
Louie.
Mr. Frederickson

Wanted: One beautiful blonde
with good set (of eyes). One
beautiful redhead with nice
thighs and—One bed to ac-
commodate 7 legs. Wow—There's
57 of those eyes. See Big Hahn for
info.

Poodles and Had: Quick,
Somebody give him the finger.
Higgy

Chef, Roswell, Dorothy (The
Goose), Jeff:
How's Painting looks like shit-
what brand did you use, Black
Velvet?

Hoss (Billy and John)

Bulldogs, and they yourroom-
Huggybear, They're like sirens-
Haddy, S.S. Wimpy, The cattle
are Dying.

Big Hahn, the bark
eating Gorilla,
Hey Cathy D. you're beautiful,
wanna boogie.
A Secret Stud

Big Hadd,
I know I'm easy, that's what
spread told me.
Meatball

Phil, Yessss—Isn't she beautiful:

Phil and John, If you see Pat
Trask, tell her I want to talk to
her about her Hmm-hmm.
Dickey Boy

To the gal with the white
Monarch with a piece of molding
missing on the gas cap: I miss
seeing you and I want to talk to
you. When I'm not working, that
is.
Jeff



Is it true that if you take cranberries and stew them like apple sauce they taste more like prunes than rhubarb does?

NEEDED: STAFF PEOPLE

inquire in Fulcrum Office (Union)

Chico's Corner



Congratulations to Curtis Miller. Curtis was selected to the Region III All Tourney Team and to the Region III First All Star Team. The 6'6" Miller plans on continuing his basketball at St. Francis College, Pennsylvania next fall.

+++

Pocono International Raceway has announced the dates of this year's Schaefer 500 and the Coca Cola 500. Sunday, June 25th, will be race day for the 8th Annual Schaefer 500. Defending champ Tom Sneva, along with the familiar names of Andretti, Johncoack, Foyt, Rutherford, Dallenbach and the Unser Brothers are expected to take part in this year's "Indy of the East."

+++

For any quarter horse racing fans, Tioga Park will open Wednesday, June 7th and continue through to Sunday, August 13th. Racedays will be on Wednesday, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:45 and Sundays matinees with a post time of 2 PM.

+++

For anyone who was wondering if Kelly O'Connell accepted my challenge for a shootout. Well, she did, and proceeded to quickly dispose of yours truly in a new world's record of 8 minutes and 33 seconds. I have no excuses for my defeat. I was simply beaten by a phenomenal basketball sharpshooter. In case you're interested, the scores in the best of seven contest were: 5-1, 5-0, 5-1 and 5-3. Unofficial sources have informed me that I was being toyed with the fourth and final match.

+++

Niagara County Community College, which eliminated Broome from the NJCAA Regionals lost to Lawrence, Kansas 62-61 in the NJCAA Basketball Finals held at Hutchison, Kansas. The Frontiersmen finished second in the nation.

-MORE SPORTS ON PAGE 12-

— WANTED —

SERIOUS BOWLERS

to join the BCC Bowling Club. Have fun, compete and release your frustrations. Contact TASOS at the "Citadel" office 772-5165 or leave your name and home phone number. We will contact you.

LIVELY ARTS CLUB SPONSORS

TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY TO SEE

THE BROADWAY HIT COMEDY "TONY" AWARD NOMINEE

— THE GIN GAME —

Starring JESSICA TANDY and HUME CRONYN

DATE: WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12

TIME: BUS WILL LEAVE B.C.C. at 7:00 A.M. PROMPTLY

BUS WILL LEAVE NEW YORK at 11:00 P.M.

to RETURN

PRICE includes ROUND TRIP BUS FARE and THEATRE TICKET:

TICKET PURCHASES

APRIL 4th Liberal Art Students & Club Members— \$5.00

APRIL 6th General Student— \$7.00

APRIL 11 Faculty & Staff— \$10.00

ALL TICKETS ON SALE IN TICKET BOOTH IN S.U.B.

A GREAT ALTERNATIVE TO BORING WEDNESDAY LECTURES

Troisi, Farrell, and Minninger Returned

THE FULCRUM, April 5, 1978, p. 11

Hornets Hit the Court

by Glenn Rolfe



Broome Tennis "Wizard of Oz" taking in some early strokes. Coach Winters' Hornets will be in action next Tuesday at Cobleskill.

The Broome Community College Tennis Team will open their Spring season next Tuesday, April 11th at Cobleskill Tech. And Coach Oz Winters, entering his fourteenth season as tennis mentor, will have a formidable collection of talent with which to work.

The Hornets, 9-3 last season which ranked them second in the region behind Hudson Valley, will have three returnees; Dave Troisi, Dick Farrell, and Jay Mininger. Troisi, from Chestertown, New York was 17-2 in competition, including a perfect 15-0 slate in singles play. Farrell compiled a 13-6 1977 record and also teamed with Troisi to pace Broome to a championship in the Annual Uncle Sam's Doubles Tournament held this past fall at Hudson Valley. Mininger, a senior from Binghamton North was 9-7.

In addition to the three returnees, Winters has talent in his newcomers. Freshman Ed O'Malley, from Oneonta, teamed with Troisi to represent Broome Community College and New York State in the Allegany Indoor Invitational

Tournament which was held last November. O'Malley paired with Troisi to take a first round victory in doubles competition enabling Broome to place fourth among the eight entries. Binghamton North's Dan Morabito Union-Endicott's Greg Andrade and Greene's Darryl Rotherforth should battle for a slot in the Hornet lineup.

With the abundance of talent, Coach Winters is optimistic about the season and his squad's chances of upsetting Region III champions, Hudson Valley. "We probably have more overall balance and potential than we did last year," said Winters. "We'll be shooting to knock off Hudson Valley. They are the team to beat."

After their trip to Cobleskill, the Hornets will return to their home courts April 12th when they will tangle with Orange Community College.

NET SERVES: In the Uncle Sams Doubles Tourney last year, Broome defeated host Hudson Valley by one team point . . . Winters 13 year mark: 124 wins and 23 losses . . . Broome went undefeated for some 73 consecutive matches dating from ? to ? . . . Hornets were ranked 11th in the nation in 1973.

Hornet Scoreboard

BASEBALL:

Wed., March 29th at Lehigh County Community College+

Thurs., March 30th at Penn State - Abington Campus+

Tues., April 4th at Onondaga Community College

Fri., April 7th at Mohawk Valley Community College

Sat., April 8th at Hudson Valley Community College

Tues., April 11th vs Keystone Junior College (3:00 PM)

Fri., April 14th vs Monroe Community College+ (1:00 PM)

Sat., April 15th vs Cobleskill Tech+ (1:00 PM)

Mon., April 17th at Luzerne County Community College

TENNIS:

Tues., April 11th at Cobleskill Tech

Wed., April 12th vs Orange County Community College (3:00 PM)

Tues., April 18th Cayuga County Community College (3:00 PM)

GOLF:

Wed., April 19th vs Mohawk Valley Community College (2:00 PM)

WOMEN'S SOFTBALL:

Mon., April 10th at University of Scranton+

Wed., April 12th vs Corning Community College+ (3:00 PM)

Thurs., April 13th at Delhi Tech

Mon., April 17th at SUNY Binghamton+

SPORTS QUIZ

- 1) Who is the only active pitcher to pitch a no hitter and a perfect game?
- 2) Name the teams these players started out with in the majors.
a) Graig Nettles
b) Tommy Hutton
c) Larry Hise
d) George Foster
e) Greg Luzinski
- 3) Name the last National League East team to win the World Series?
- 4) Excluding the 1976-77 World Series, who was the last Yankee hurler to lose a World Series game?
- 5) Name the only two teams never to lose the Super Bowl?
- 6) Bill Clement of the Atlanta Flames is a native of Toronto, Ontario. Can you name his pee wee hockey buddy who is now one of the premier players in the NHL?
- 7) Who was Swedish stars Anders Hedberg and Ulf Nilsson's linemate at Winnipeg before the two signed with the New York Rangers?
- 8) Ranger Phil Esposito recently passed a milestone in his hockey career. What mark did he achieve?

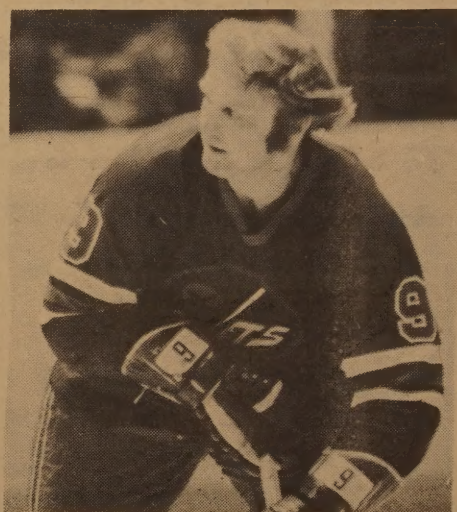
ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUIZ: 1) San Diego Padres 2) Toronto Maple Leafs, Philadelphia Flyers, Buffalo Sabres and New York Rangers 3) All time career strikeout record held by Mickey Mantle 4) Vida Blue 5) Marquette Warriors 6) Marty and Mark Howe 7) C 8) St. Louis Cardinals Bob Gibson with a 1.12 E.R.A.

Intramurals

	W L
Just Us Kids	13-0
Hoopsters	10-2
Emercelts	9-3
Earlies	9-1
Go Nads	7-3
BIOYAs	7-4
NHB	6-4
Fri. Afternoon Club	6-6
Trojans	6-5
Green Machine	4-4
Sixers	4-8-1
Doggers	4-8
Red Barons	3-6
SOMF	4-6
Super Stars	2-8-1
Gooners All Stars	3-10
Missphits	3-8

A basketball Intramural Playoff was held Friday, March 24. Here was the bracket of opposing teams.

Emercelts	H
BIOYAs	
Trojans	H
Hoopsters	
Just us Kids	H
Go Nads	
Earlies	H



BOBBY HULL

Bobby Hull, one of only two players to ever reach the thousand goal plateau, will remain at Winnipeg while his two Swedish teammates Ulf Nilsson and Anders Hedberg will be playing in the Big Apple's Madison Square Garden.

Baseball Season Opens

by Glenn Rolfe

The Broome Community college Baseball team was hoping to get off to a "fresh" start when they made their annual spring trip to Pennsylvania over vacation. And for the Ed Daub coached Hornets - it should have been no problem. You see, fifteen of the seventeen team members are "freshmen."

The 1978 BCC Baseball team will field only two returning lettermen, Brian Ficarro and Mark Farrell. Several Hornet starters from last year's squad, which posted a 21-10 mark, will not be back this season.

Southpaw pitcher Tom Conlon will be sidelined for the entire season with torn shoulder muscles. The tall lefthander was 5-3 with 1.62 ERA last year. Pitcher Jim Orlando and firstbaseman-designated hitter Ed Sanzo are no longer at Broome Community College, while pitchers Mike Majka, Jay Ilaqua and secondbaseman Bob Garey are academically ineligible for the spring term.

This fallout of players has left Daub, in his fourteenth season, with a freshmen oriented staff. But he isn't pushing the panic button... yet.

"We lost some good players, but we have some talented freshmen," said Daub. "We'll have to experiment and see how we do."

Broome will have Region III's First team centerfielder Mark Farrell and Second team secondbaseman Brian Ficarro around which to build his young team. And that is quite a pillar to construct on. Farrell, a powerful 6 footer from Catholic Center, hit a solid .343 with four home runs and a school record of 41 runs batted in. Farrell also has one of the strongest arms in centerfield. The 5'9" Ficarro hit .309 scored 31 runs and drive in nineteen. Daub expects Brian to do some pitching this year also. Replacing the likes of a

Rob Krowiak, a Tom Duffy, a Joe Mickel and a Jeff Beckwith could present some minor difficulties. Krowiak was Region III's First team shortstop while hitting at a .419 clip including six homers, 27 RBIs, 43 runs scored and 25 stolen bases. Duffy was second team thirdbaseman and Beckwith second team catcher.

But Daub feels the freshmen will be able to sufficiently fill the holes left upon graduation. Seton Catholic Central's Mark Lane is the prime candidate for the shortstop slot. "Mark has got good range, he can hit and he's got a good arm," stated Daub. Taking over Duffy's thirdbase position could be either Fowler High's Chris Dwyer or

Chenango Valley's versatile Mark Fiato. At secondbase will be Ficarro, a graduate of Horseheads, while anchoring the firstbase spot could be either Johnson City Wildcat Mike Sherba or Binghamton Central's Jim Baka.

Joining Farrell in the outfield will be Ernie Squires, a 5'11" graduate of Skaneateles. Daub acknowledged that Squires has great potential as an outfielder and that he planned on using him in the starting pitching rotation. "I think Ernie can help our pitching staff. He can probably pitch seven or eight innings on Tuesday and be ready to go again on Saturday," Daub said. "He will help."

Behind the plate, it's either Casey Dunn, from Binghamton North or Steve Fessenden, who hails from Sidney. Fessenden could also play outfield if needed.

The pitching staff will have Squires, Ficarro - when not at second base, Binghamton Central's righthanded Mike Brewer, Chris Warner, a righthander from Chenango Forks and Roger Parker, a 6'2" righty from Marathon. Ironically, there are no southpaws on the team.

Others competing for a starting spot will be Vestal's Bill Clark, Union-Endicott's Darren Dopp, Whitney Point's Bill Holden and Bishop Ludden's Pat Sexton.

Coach Daub will be seeing the team in action for the first time this spring as a scheduled twenty game fall exhibition season was

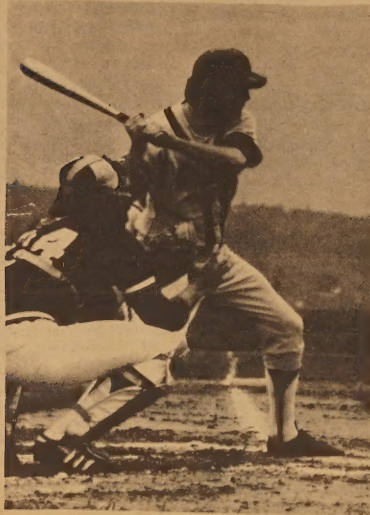


SPORTS

reduced to a mere four games due to inclement weather. Broome opened their season with their trip to Pennsylvania, a doubleheader at Lehigh County Community College March 29 and a twin bill March 30 at Penn State (Abington Campus). And the Hornets will have played four more games before returning to the home surroundings.

"We'll be satisfied with a 4-4 split in our first eight games," added Daub, who owns a 172-84 career won-lost record. "Onondaga is tough, as is Mohawk Valley."

DUGOUT DRIFT: ... Hornets were at Onondaga Tuesday, April 4, and will be at Mohawk Friday, April 7, and at Hudson Valley April 8 for a doubleheader ... Hudson defeated Broome 6-3 in the Region III Playoffs at Rochester last year ... Hornets will be playing eight twin bills this year ... Broome returns home Tuesday, April 11 for a single game with Keystone Junior College ... Farrell and Ficarro are this year's Co-captains ... Krowiak, North Eastern District NJCAA Team shortstop, is playing at Madison College-a Division I school in Kentucky. He is now playing second base ...



Mark "Taters" Farrell, set a BCC record, 41 RBIs last year while hitting a solid .343. Farrell was Region III's first team CFer.



Brian Ficarro, team co-captain along with Farrell, will anchor the second base spot. Ficarro, from Horseheads, stroked the ball at .309.

Hornets Icers FLCHL Runner-Up

by Glenn Rolfe

The Colgate JV's avenged an earlier season 4-2 loss with an 8-5 victory over the Broome Community College Hockey Club in the Finger Lakes Collegiate Hockey League Playoffs held March 17 and 18 at Colgate.

Broome had reached the championship finals via their 6-5 win over Hobart College in the St. Patrick's Day semi-finals, while Colgate advanced with a 10-4 trouncing of SUNY-Binghamton.

In the semi-final, Broome survived a four goal third period uprising Hobart, holding on to post their first victory ever over the four year school from Geneva, New York. Hobart, undermanned with only nine skaters, scored four unanswered goals in the final period before Hornet net-minder Paul Fitzpatrick

shut the door, making several clutch saves.

Broome jumped on Hobart early as center Ron Kurtz whipped a 30 foot wrist shot past goalie Steve Otis at 2:52 of the opening period. At 9:42 defenseman Alan Hughes found senior Ray Fitzpatrick alone in front of the Hobart cage, and the Hornets had a 2-0 lead.

Less than two minutes later, Hughes again found an unguarded Hornet alone in the slot - this time center Steve Tabarrini. Tabarrini fired a low wrist shot past Otis and then just 1:33 later freshman Rick Sigler scored his seventh goal of the season. Hobart, obviously feeling the effects of their lack of players, was outshot by Broome, 25-7.

"We just got back from spring vacation," said player-coach Steve Otis, "And some of our guys never made it back in time. So, we

came to play with what we had."

Apparently, it just wasn't enough.

Tabarrini and Gary Cole notched second period goals after Wes VanDeWater had put Hobart on the scoreboard at 4:51 of the middle period.

With a five goal lead, and only twenty minutes to play, a Broome victory seemed imminent. But Hobart roared back scoring twice within the opening four minutes. Dave Hoover scored at 1:05 and Steve Schickler at 3:41. Don Earle scored the third Hobart goal of the period at 9:46 and Broome's lead had been dwindled to two.

Hobart didn't throw in the towel yet.

Hoover netted his second goal of the game at 16:47 as

Hobart continued to apply pressure on the Hornet defense. With but 2:17 remaining, Hornet goaltender Fitzpatrick was called for slashing and then with 57 seconds to play, Dave Melinsky was sent to the penalty box for cross checking. Hobart had a two man advantage, but Broome behind the strong goaltending Fitzpatrick held on to win.

The Colgate Red Raiders converted their first two power play opportunities and then added two more first period tallies building a 4-0 lead, enroute to their 8-5 championship triumph.

Ron Kurtz's 22nd goal of the season put Broome on the scoreboard fifty seconds into the middle period. After Colgate, scored at 4:28, Steve Tabarrini added a shorthanded goal at 12:07

and then the 6'0" center pumped home a power play goal just 18 seconds later. The Red Raiders added two late period goals and led 7-3 with twenty minutes to go.

Colgate scored 59 seconds into the final period to ice the game, despite late period goals by Cole, his 9th, and Hughes, his 6th.

Colgate outshot Broome 60 to 27 in capturing their first FLCHL Championship. Syracuse University, unable to participate in this year's Tourney, won last year at the Syracuse Coliseum Fairgrounds, while the Hornets took 4th.

FROM THE BLUELINE: ... Broome finished their third season with a 6-14-1 record ... Hornets are 24-35-3 in three years in the FLCHL ... Steve Tabarrini set several Hornet offensive records: most goals in a game (6), season (25) and career (51) as well as career point (91) ... Ron Kurtz also broke Dave Middleton's old record of eighteen goals in a season with 22 ... Alan Hughes set a new record for goals by a defenseman (6) ... Dave Melinsky owns the record for assists in a game (5), season (26) and career (46) ... Hornets won two trophies this year; finishing 3rd in The North Country Tournament and 2nd in the FLCHL Playoffs.

ALL INTERESTED RUNNERS

1st TRACK MEET

AT SUNY BINGHAMTON

APRIL 15

CONTACT G. ARCHIE - WALES 209

April 10, Softball Opener

The Broome Community College Women's Softball team will open their 1978 season April 10th with a doubleheader at the University of Scranton.

Coach Nancy Rossiter, whose Hornets posted a 1-10 1977 record, will be relying on a combination of talented freshmen and several seasoned veterans. Returning from last year's team will be outfielder Cheryl Fritsch and second baseman Kelly O'Connell. Joining Fritsch in the outfield may be Chenango Valley graduate Terry Hill

and Maine-Endwell's Becky Leverknight. CV's JoAnne Baycura looks to have the shortstop position secured while Johnson City's Debbie Glanville will be one of Rossiter's pitchers. Senior LuAnne Falcioni will be at first. The remaining positions will be filled before the squad's season opener.

"We should do better than we did last year," said Coach Rossiter. After their trip to Scranton, Broome will return for a home doubleheader against the Corning Community College Barons on April 12th.

BROOME 6, HOBART 5

Broome Community	4	2	0	6
College	4	2	0	6
Hobart College Varsity	0	1	4	5

FIRST PERIOD-1, Broome, Kurtz 21, (Hughes, S. Tabarrini) 2:52, 2, Broome, R. Fitzpatrick 6 (Paddock, Hughes) 9:42, 3, Broome, S. Tabarrini 22 (Cole, Hughes) 11:28, 4, Broome, Sigler 7 (Rusnak, P. Fitzpatrick) 13:01.

Penalties-None.

SECOND PERIOD-5, Hobart, VanDeWater (Hoover) 4:48, 6, Broome, S. Tabarrini 23 (Melinsky) 7:14, 7, Broome, Cole 8 (Melinsky, S. Tabarrini) 7:30. Penalties- Dyke, BCC, 3:59; Earle, Hob, 10:03; Schickler, Hob, 13:19; Dyke, BCC, 14:08.

THIRD PERIOD-8, Hobart, Hoover (Mason) 1:05, 9, Hobart, Schickler (Summerlin, Hoover) 3:41, 10, Hobart, Earle (VanDeWater, Mason) 9:46, 11, Hobart, Hoover 16:47. Penalties- Dyke, BCC, 4:08; R. Fitzpatrick, BCC, 17:43; Melinsky, BCC, 19:03.

Shots on goal-Broome 25-22-8-55, Hobart 7-9-14-30.

Goalies-Broome-Paul Fitzpatrick, Hobart-Steve Otis.

COGATE 8, BROOME 5

Broome Community	0	3	2	5
College	0	3	2	5
Colgate Junior Varsity	4	3	1	8

FIRST PERIOD-1, Colgate, Sinclair (Marks) 2:30, 2, Colgate, Thresher 5:20, 3, Colgate, O'Donnell (Miller, Stevens) 8:32, 4, Colgate, O'Donnell 16:35.

Penalties-Broome 10, Colgate 8.

SECOND PERIOD-5, Broome, Kurtz 22 (V. Tabarrini, Hughes) :50, 5, Colgate Oppenheimer (Sinclair) 4:28, 7, Broome, S. Tabarrini 12:07, 8, Broome, S. Tabarrini (Kurtz, P. Fitzpatrick) 13:49, 9, Colgate, Stigor (Petruska, Murray) 16:14, 10, Colgate, O'Donnell (Marks, Thresher) 16:42. Penalties- Broome 8, Colgate 4.

THIRD PERIOD-11, Colgate, Oppenheimer :59, 12, Broome, Cole (Sigler, Paddock) 13:43, 13, Broome, Hughes (Melinsky, Sigler) 19:50. Penalties-Broome 6, Colgate 11.

Shots on goal-Broome 7-7-13-17, Colgate 21-26-13-60.

Goalies-Broome-Paul Fitzpatrick, Colgate-Donlin